Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

A

Comminicall Scaramouche with his Grimac
His various Pusturs and minicall faces
Made Sport for princes so this will to thos
That Read his life herein this peice of pr

A

Pleasant and Comical

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE

OF

SCARAMOUCHE.

Written by Monsieur *Angelo Constantini*, Player to the King of *France*, in the *Italian* Company of Comedians.

Translated by *A. R.* from the *French* Copy: Printed at *Paris*, 1695.

LONDON,

Printed for *Robert Gifford*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Old-Bedlam*, without *Bishopsgate*. 1696. *Price bound* 1 s.

TO THE

HONORABLE

Charles Boyle, Esq;

This TRANSLATION

IS

Humbly Dedicated

BY HIS

Most Devoted and

Most Obedient Servant

A. R.

THE Translator's PREFACE.

THE Reality only of *Scaramouche*'s pleasant Adventures, has prompt'd me to undertake the Translation of his Life; therefore I think my self oblig'd to confess with the Author of this Book, that tho' his Style be none of the Best, yet this his plain History may be more Acceptable, to the lovers of Truth, than a flourishing and well pen'd Romance: And because it may be expected I should say something for my self, I am willing to let the

Reader know, that our Commedian by appearing in *English*, is so far from losing any thing of the *French*, that I am confident he speaks as well, I had almost say'd better, in the Copy, than in the Original; which is enough for a Translator to boast of.

THE

THE Author's PREFACE.

THE *Admirers of Plays have always had such an Esteem for* Scaramouche, *during his Life-time, and his Memory is still so much respected, that it would be needless to tell the Reader how much that famous Player was always Valued: I shall only say that he deserv'd, with Justice, the Reputation he had, since he was one of the most perfect* Pantomimes, *or Mimicks these last Ages have produc'd.*

I give him that Name, because he acted (like the Pantomimes *of old) more by his Postures and Gestures, than by his Speech, which ought to be the only Aim of a Player: For every body knowes that.*

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus———

Scaramouche *then was not contented to let the Spectators only hear the Things he represented, but he exposed them also to their Eyes; such was his Skill in fitting his Discourse to his Actions: Nay, we may say, that every thing spoke in him; his very Feet, his Hands, his Head, and that even the meanest of his Postures were grounded upon Reason.*

Heroes pretend that a Historian is beholden to them, because their great Actions furnish him with Matter, and on the other side, an Historian may have the same plea against Heroes, because he consecrates their Atchievements to Posterity; but without deciding this Controversy, I dare say the Publick, to whom I am so much oblig'd, may be thankful to me, for reviving

reviving the Memory of a Man, who during his Life-time, was so deservedly esteem'd.

An Historical Novel, or a Comical Romance, must not be expected in this little Book; neither will my Business, or my Skill in the Language allow me to undertake a Work of that Nature. I'll leave that to those who have publish'd Ildegerte, Mary of Burgundy, *and* the Duke of Guise. *Besides I should very much scruple to impose upon the Reader; and my Heroe, if I may so call him, is too Modern for me to take the same Liberty those Gentlemen have taken.*

Neither am I willing to imitate a certain Author, who, under the Specious Title of Arliquiniana, *has sold the Publick several Stories, with which the late* Dominique *would have . . . rather than have tir'd those with whom he had the Honour to converse with.*

I have

I have then endeavour'd, without any Embelishment, to write Scaramouche's *Actions, which I had from his own Mouth. This, kind Reader, is what I had to say by way of Preface, which I wou'd have spar'd you the Trouble of reading, if by suppressing it, I should not have lessen'd this small Volume.*

THE

THE LIFE OF SCARAMOUCHE.

CHAP. I.

Of Scaramouche's *Family and Birth.*

Tiberius Fiorili, Sirnam'd *Scaramouche*, was born at *Naples*, in the Year 1608; his Father, who was a Captain of Horse, being willing to marry a second Time, and take for his Wife one of his Cosins, of the City of *Capua*, cou'd never obtain the Bishop's Leave, because of the nearness of Kin.

Where-

Whereupon he enter'd into a hot Dispute with the Bishop's Brother, who rebuking him a little too sharply, provok'd him so much, that he without any more ado, drew his Sword, and run him through the Body.

The Father of our *Scaramouche*, to avoid the Rigour of Justice, being oblig'd to quit the Kingdom of *Naples*, went into a Foreign Country, where he was without Money, and with a charge of two Children, which forc'd him tho' a Gentleman, to turn Mountebank, and sell Mithridate.

Scaramouche his second Son, was much more Chargeable to him than *Trapolin* his eldest; for besides his drawing every Day two Nurses Breasts, whilst a sucking Child, he became so great an Eater, when grown up, that nothing could fill his Belly. He stole his Father's Salves, and Medicines, and gave as much as was worth half a Crown, for ten Pence in Victuals and Drink, which his Father discovering, first con'd him soundly, and then turn'd him out of Doors. He was then Eighteen Years Old; but as Young as he was, he did not want Wit; and the only Grief he

had

had, in leaving his Father, was, to have his Belly and his Purse equally Empty.

CHAP. II.

How Scaramouche *behav'd himself in* Rome.

SCaramouche with a little Silk Cloak, which scarce cover'd his Back, arriv'd just in *December* at *Rome*, where the Northerly Wind is more sensibly felt than in any other part of *Italy*, and there he began to think how to conquer his two greatest Enemies, Hunger and Cold.

Having therefore took up his Station by a Perfumer's Shop, in the place of *Navona*, he begg'd a little Snush of every body that went there to buy any, and putting his four Fingers and Thumb into their Snuff-Boxes, he took enough to fill up a good large Box, which he kept hid under his Cloak.

After he had thus all the day long gather'd and mix'd several sorts of Snush,

as

as *Orangery*, *Neroly*, *Bergamota*, and *Jassamine*, he us'd to sell it again at a cheaper Rate, to the same Perfumer, who perceiving the mixture, call'd it Snuff of *Mille fleurs*.

One of the Pope's Swissers, or Guards, happen'd to buy some Snuff at the same Shop, and as he was going out, with his Box open in his Hands, *Scharamouche* after his usual Way, made him a Leg, and offer'd to take some of his Snuff, but the Swisser offended at his proceeding, fell into a furious Passion, calling him a Rogue, and Rascal, and threatn'd to beat him.

Scaramouche with a thousand pleasant Grimaces earnestly begg'd his Pardon, which the Swisser, thinking that he made Mouths at him, took for a new Affront, and gave him some Blows with his Halberd, that he tore his Cloak to pieces, and made his Shoulders Black and Blue, *Scaramouche* little satisfy'd with the Swisser's Incivility, and fearing worse Consequences in his small Trade, abandon'd *Rome*, and went to *Civita Vecchia*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Scaramouche *cheated the two* Turkiſh *Slaves belonging to the Pope's Galleys.*

NO ſooner came *Scaramouche* into this City, but he went to walk upon the Key, where ſeeing two *Turkiſh* Slaves, who were counting a Summ of Money, which their Induſtry had procur'd them; he cut a piece off the fore-part of his Shirt, and plac'd it ſlily in the Room of the Linnen Cloth, which the Slaves had wrap'd up their Money in, ſo that the *Turks* miſtruſting nothing, laid up again their Money in the Linnen which they found by them.

Juſt as they were going away, *Scaramouche*, who had been lying upon the Ground in the Sun-ſhine, two or three Yards from them, pretending to awake on a ſudden, cry'd out Murder, Murder, they have robb'd me: Stop Thief, ſtop Thief: He took hold of them by their Slieves, and as the Bayliffs and Con-

Constables are always ready in that Country, so they were all three immediately brought before a Judge.

Scaramouche accus'd the two Slaves, saying they stole his Money, which he had in a corner of his Shirt; the Judge examin'd him as to the Number and Sort of Pieces taken from him, and *Scaramouche* answer'd so exactly to every Particular, shewing at the same time the fore-part of his Shirt, that the Judge, not questioning the Truth of the Fact, commanded the *Turks* to return him the Money, and moreover order'd them to be punish'd as Robbers.

After this Exploit, *Scaramouche* remembering that he was a Gentleman born, made him a rich Sute of Cloaths, and with a Servant to attend him, took his way for *Lombardy*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How Scaramouche *was sent to the Galleys as a Slave, after he was robb'd by his Servant.*

S*Caramouche* discoursing in the Way with his Man, intrusted him very imprudently with his Secrets, telling him how he had left his Father, the Misfortune he had in *Rome*, and the Trick he put upon the two Slaves.

Being come to an Inn, out of the Road, he went immediately to Supper, sparing nothing to satisfie his greedy Stomach, he eat and drank so well, that they were forc'd to carry him from Table to Bed. He was not there long before he began to Snoar as loud as one of the biggest Pipes of an Organ.

The Servant seeing his Master so fast a Sleep, that all the Cannons of the Tower could not have wak'd him, drew his Breeches from under the Pillow, and having seiz'd them with the rest of his Equipage, got away through a Window, which look'd into the back part of the House.

Poor

Poor *Scaramouche* when awak'd, finding himself as naked as a Rat, remembred the old Proverb, *Lightly come lightly go.* He cry'd, swore, and storm'd but at last was forc'd to be contented for the Disease was without cure.

His Landlord, out of Charity, gave him an old Slave's Coat, and lodg'd him a Night longer; *Scaramouche* in return of his Kindness, took Occasion before his departure to rob him off a pair of Pot-hooks, which was made much like the Chain of a Galley-Slave, and went his way as far as *Ancona*, begging Alms of every Body he met.

In the Name of the Holy Trinity, said he, *shew your Charity to a poor Slave lately redeem'd out of the Hands of the Turks, and who, for the confession of the Faith, has suffer'd many great Torments*: Such Words, being attended with very moving Gestures, and with a Flood of Tears, few People could deny him, so that he was well pleas'd to lead this sort of Life, which without doubt he would not have quitted so soon, had he not been forc'd to it by an unlucky Accident, which befel him in the City of *Ancona*.

I don't

I don't know how, but upon ſome Occaſion or other, three *Neapolitan* Galleys happen'd to be then in that Harbour. However it was, the Officer who in the Galley look'd to the Slaves, perceiving one Day *Scaramouche* in his Slaves Habit, took hold of him, and ſaid, how now Rogue! how now Vagabond! did you think then to have eſcap'd out of the Hands of Juſtice? But thank God, I have found you again, Sirrah.

In vain *Scaramouche*, lifting his Eyes up to Heaven, proteſted that he was innocent, the inexorable Officer carry'd him publickly into one of the Galleys, where he was baſtonado'd, and afterwards chain'd among the other Slaves.

The Captain of the Galley came a little while after, and the Officer told him he had by good Chance recover'd the *Neapolitan* Slave, who two Months before had made his eſcape with Five others: The Captain ſaw *Scaramouche*, whom he found indeed much like the fugitive *Neapolitan*, but diſcourſing with him for ſome time, he quickly perceiv'd by his Voice that he was not the Slave they wanted, ſo that *Scaramouche* was imme-

immediately releas'd, having first receiv'd some Money, which the Captain gave him to make amends for the mistaken Blows.

Scaramouche considering the greatness of the Danger he had been in, to be ty'd for all his Life-time to the Oar, went without delay to a *Jew's* House to buy a Sute of Cloaths, and quitted, tho' not without regret, the Profession of a begging Slave.

CHAP. V.

How Scaramouche *got into a Company of Players as their Partner.*

S*Caramouche* having bought some Cloaths, suitable to his small Ability, went from *Ancona* into a City of *Romania*, call'd *Fano*, where he found a scatter'd Company of Players. Tho' he had never been upon the Stage, yet he presented himself to them, and said boldly that he was an able Player, as if he had fore-seen what he was to be one Day.

The

The Players receiv'd him with Joy, and having ask'd him what part he intended to act, he answer'd the Comical one, under the Name of *Scaramouche*, and that he would dress himself after such, and such a Manner. They found his Name as Comical as his Habit, and was not without very good Reason, that such a Person was look'd upon by them as a very extraordinary Man, since he has prov'd in his Kind an Original, that as yet has had no Copy, and that perhaps never will have any.

They ask'd him too in what Play he would act, he chose the *Libertine*, which he esteem'd above all others, because there's eating in it.

That Play was then put up, to be represented with a new Actor. Curiosity brought thither an extraordinary crowd of People, and *Scaramouche*, who acted his whole part in the Play with very good Success, did likewise acquit himself at the Feast so well, that he was almost ready to burst in the midst of Applause.

The Publick was so charm'd with his first Appearance, that a second was eagerly desir'd; *Scaramouche* very willingly

lingly consented to it, and whereas the first time he fill'd his Belly only with hard Eggs, he had in this a Turkey-Cock, too young Partridges, and a Pidgeon-pie.

He restor'd his Company to their former credit, and he who had never before been upon the Stage, was look'd upon by his Partners as the greatest Man in the World, for they found in his Person all the Mirth and Humour of *Plautus*, and even sometimes the Majesty and Gravity of *Terence*.

It's true that *Scaramouche* had not apply'd himself much to Learning, but to make Amends, He had so easie and so natural a Way with him, that one would have thought he knew perfectly those things, which he never had learn'd in the least.

These Players went to spend the Carnaval at *Mantua*, where the Young Prince had seen *Scaramouche* two or three Times upon the Stage, was very well pleas'd with him, and gave him soon after considerable Proofs of his Liberality; and you may be sure *Scara-*

mouche

mouche, who was naturally given to Covetousness, knew how to make his Best of so good an Opportunity,

---

CHAP. VI.

How Scaramouche *got a Sute of Cloaths, and a Horse, from the Duke of* Mantua.

SCaramouche going one day to wait upon the Duke, told him he had a fine Play in his Head, but that he wanted some Cloaths to act it: The Duke order'd immediately that he should have Leave to take out of his Wardrobe, whatever he had occasion for.

Scaramouche, according to the Prince's Orders, had given him what he thought fit to have, which was a Velvet Sute, trim'd with Seed-Pearls; and he took, besides the Cloaths, very rich Trappings from among the Duke's Equipage. Appearing upon the Stage with this noble Sute, one of the Players told him that such Cloaths must certainly be lent him by some great Prince; What do you call

lent, Impertinence! said he, Do you take a Prince for a Broker? Say rather he has given them to me, if you intend to speak properly.

And accordingly they were really given him by the Prince, as soon as the Play was over; for which Favour, being willing to return him Thanks, poor *Scaramouche* was so comically perplex'd in the delivery of his Compliment, that all the Auditors were ready to burst with laughing.

Some time after *Scaramouche* mounted upon an Ass, with the rich Cloaths and Trappings he had from the Duke, and went to meet his Highness. The Prince surpriz'd with the Extravagancy, ask'd the Occasion of it; *Scaramouche* answer'd, that it was to shew all the World the Present his Highness had honour'd him with, and that if he had had Money enough, he would have bought a fine Horse, to have answer'd in some manner the Richness of the Trappings. The Duke understood his meaning at the first Word, order'd immediately his Master of the Horse, to give him one out of his own Stables.

Scaramouche not long after sold his Horse to a great Lord, who was fond of it: And when this proceeding came to the Prince's Ears, our Comedian to excuse himself, told him that in parting from his Horse, he had no other Design, than that of obliging his Highness, since if he had kept that mettlesom Beast any longer, his Neck, or at least some Bone, would infallibly have been broken, which might have displeas'd his Highness.

The Prince who had a Kindness for *Scaramouche*, receiv'd his Excuses very favourably, and gave him Leave, tho' unwillingly, to go for *Bologna*, where *Scaramouche* for a long time before had a great Mind to go.

CHAP. VII.

How Scaramouche *was put in Prison, and what he did to be reveng'd on the High-Sheriff.*

SCaramouche being come to *Bologna*, the Rendezvous of the Players in Lent was esteem'd by some, and envy'd by many others, which is the ordinary Fate of those who distinguish themselves, by their Merit, from the rest of Mankind.

Being no Enemy to the fair Sex, he quickly got a Mistress, with whom He took Delight to walk every Evening by Moon-shine, which was not without some Regret on the Lady's Side, who knew the Danger she expos'd her self to, in walking the Street at unseasonable Hours, contrary to the rigorous Government of that City. But *Scaramouche* relying upon his Sword and Courage, laugh'd at her Fears. However, notwithstanding all his Valour, the High-Sheriff, assisted by ten or twelve of his Men, meeting with him, and his Mistress,

ſtreſs, ſeiz'd upon them, and carry'd them to Priſon; they were both releas'd the next Day, paying ten Piſtoles, but *Scaramouche* ſwore he would be reveng'd.

On a great Holy-day, the High-Sheriff, attended by Thirty of his Guards was going to hear Maſs, to St. *Mary*'s Church; when *Scaramouche* having found an Opportunity to come near him in the Crowd, cut off ſome Plate-Buttons which were upon his Scarlet Cloak, and went out of Church afterwards without being perceiv'd.

The High-Sheriff, being return'd home, was extreamly ſurpriz'd at the Boldneſs of him that had ſtole his Buttons, and did his utmoſt to diſcover him, to which end he order'd a great number of Pick-pockets to be taken up, ſome of them were whip'd, and others ſent to the Galleys, but all to no purpoſe.

Scaramouche, who was not yet ſufficiently reveng'd, diſguiz'd himſelf like a Journey-man Taylor, and knowing that the High-Sheriff was detain'd about ſome Buſineſs at the Governors, he went boldly into his Houſe, holding in one Hand the Sciſſors, and the

Buttons in the other: Thus Counterfeiting the Taylor, he accosted the High-Sheriff's Lady, to whom he pretended that her Husband having found again his Buttons, had sent him to take his Cloak, in order to sew them on again: The good Lady, without any further inquiry, obey'd the pretended Orders of her Spouse.

Scaramouche had no sooner got the Cloak, but he went to his Mistress, to whom he could not forbear expressing his Joy, for the Trick he had put upon the High-Sheriff.

But afterwards having considered that he had trusted his Secret with a Woman, who could hardly hold her Tongue, for fear of falling into some Disgrace, as well as to avoid paying some Arrears due to his Mistress, he departed without biding her adue, and took his way for *Florence*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How Scaramouche *was receiv'd by the great Duke of* Tuſcany.

UPon the Road of *Florence*, a Gentleman having ask'd *Scaramouche*, who he was, he call'd himſelf *Fredenneli*, and ſaid he was Muſician to the Vice-Roy of *Naples*. The Gentleman finding ſomething Extraordinary, and at the ſame time Pleaſing in *Scaramouche*'s Phyz, judg'd that he might be a fit Perſon to divert the Duke of *Florence*, for ſome time.

As ſoon as he arriv'd there, he gave Notice to the Prince that a famous Muſician was come along with him, and that perhaps he might be glad to hear him. *Scaramouche* was ſent for, who without any more ado, beginning to flouriſh on his Guitar, ſung afterwards the Buffoon Song, which I put here, to pleaſure thoſe who have heard him ſing it.

SONG.

L'Asinello innamorato
Canta, è raggia à tutte l'hore.
Pare un Musico affamato,
Quando narra il suo dolore,
E cantando d'amor va,
Ut re mi fa sol la. (He brays.)

Quando vede l'Asinella
Canta, all' hor con vocce acuta,
Pare un Maestro di Capella,
Quando batte la battuta:
E cantando d'amor va,
Ut re mi fa sol la. (He brays.)

Se tal' hor è nella stalla,
May fatica non lo doma,
Sempre salta & sempre balla,
Quando porta anco la soma,
E cantando d'amor va,
Ut re mi fa sol la. (He brays.)

Scaramouche sung that Tune so agreeably, and accompany'd it with such pleasant Grimaces, that the Duke was forc'd to hold his Sides with laughing His Highness then bad him sing another Song, to which

which he immediately comply'd, and began this other about the Cat.

SONG.

AMor che cossa ai fatto
A far innamorar il mio bel Gatto?
Asse lo vo castrare,
Acciò lasci è non torne piu ad amare,
Cossi sara di te disciolto è schiao,
Ne per Gatta farà pui gnao, gnao.
(He mews.)

Sopra il ciel delle mura,
Piange il misero, piange sua suentura;
E con signaolati accenti
Fa, che s'oda d'intorno i suoi lamenti,
Solo si lagna è sta fra il tetto è il trao,
Va parlando al suo ben dicendo gnao.
(He mews.)

As soon as he had done, the Duke embrac'd him, and swore that no body ever diverted him so well.

Scaramouche then discover'd to the great Duke that he was a Player, and that he intended to go and act at [illegible] That generous Prince gave [illegible] Hundred Pistoles, promis'd hi[illegible]

tection, and honour'd him with Letters of Recommendation, which *Scaramouche* made use of to the Best Advantage, as we shall shew hereafter.

CHAP. IX.

How Scaramouche *going from* Florence *to* Leghorn, *had his Charges defray'd by two* Jews.

S*Caramouche* having left *Florence*, met two Men a Horseback, of whom he ask'd what Road they were travelling, they answering that they were for *Leghorn*, he desir'd them to accept of his Company, because otherwise, being a Stranger, and not knowing the Roads, he was in Danger of losing his Way. They consented to it, the rather because his Actions in asking them that Favour, were so Comical, that they could not but laugh at the Sight of them.

As they were going on, *Scaramouche* enquir'd of them who they were, one of them said, his Name was *Aaron*, and the other *Mordecai*, both *Jewish Merchants*

chants of *Legborn*, *Scaramouche* being ask'd likewise by them his Name and Quality, answer'd that as for Quality he had none; besides that of a honest Man, but that he was a *Portuguese*, that his Father's Name was *Don Juan Castillos*, and his, *Pedro Castillos*, and that all his Relations had liv'd a long time in *Lisbone*, publickly as good Christians, but in secret as true Jews. He added, that now having neither Father nor Mother, he was going to *Legborn*, to declare himself a *Jew*, and that, thank God, he had still an Estate wherewithal to live Nobly.

The Jews overjoy'd to hear him talk thus, confirm'd him in his Design, and exhorted him to take another Name. He told them, that since he had had the Happiness to fall into their Hands, he would, as to that, be guided wholly by them.

The two Jews having run over almost all the Names of the Old Testament, call'd him at last *Benjamin*, and bore his Charges upon the Road, to which *Scaramouche* shew'd a seeming unwillingness, and did scarce permit it, saying

saying, that he would then reckon with them at the Journey's End.

When they came within three Miles of *Legborn*, *Scaramouche* desir'd them to procure him a Lodging: *Aaron* very civily offer'd him his own, saying that he was not marry'd, and that he might stay there 'till he could find a more convenient Apartment for him: *Scaramouche* accepted his Offer upon Condition that he should pay so much a Day.

The Jew, who was really a Jew, yielded to that Proposition, to *Scaramouche*'s great Grief, for he was not less Covetous, though a Christian.

Being come to *Legborn*, he went to lodg at *Aaron*'s House, who brought him acquainted with the *Rabbines*, and they teas'd him continually to come to their Synagogues, but he always found some Excuse to put them off, and when he was alone, he us'd to walk towards the Sea side, to see whether he could meet with any Ship ready to set Sail for *Naples*. After a Fortnight's time, he hapi-

happily met with a * Tartane, wherein he took a place beforehand.

* A sort of a Ship so call'd.

His concern was to get his Portmantle from *Aaron's* House, and after some short Consideration about the Matter, this was his Resolution: He went to the Inquisitor, to whom he said, Reverend Father, I must needs tell you, that a certain *Jew*, living in the new Street, named *Aaron*, and his Cousin *Mordecai*, will force me to embrace their Religion; they keep my Cloaths, and I dare not return to them, for fear they should lock me up: You know, most Reverend Father, that they are a People whom God has curst. I have born their Charges from *Florence* hither, and they will not return me the Money I have laid out for them. I have taken a Place in a Tartane, which goes to *Naples*, where I must go with all speed. Here are Letters from the Grand Duke, which will convince your Reverence of the Truth. At these words he fell a crying, which so affected the Gravity of the Inquisitor, that he seeing the Letters of the Great Duke, sent immediately for the two *Jews*, whom, without

out hearing, he commanded to deliver up the Port-mantle to *Scaramouche*, and to give him besides ten Pistoles: *Scaramouche* thank'd him most humbly, and went that very Moment to embark in the Tartane, which half an Hour after set Sail.

CHAP. X.

How Scaramouche *finds out the way to make two Monks bear his Charges during the Voyage, and cunningly cheats them of a Gold Crucifix.*

S*Scaramouche* might have had time enough to get those Provisions which are usually thought necessary for a Sea-Voyage; but he was so covetous, and rely'd so much upon his Wit, that without the least Care for any thing, he went on Board the Tartane, wherein he found a great Company; and among others he pitch'd upon two Monks, designing them for his Purse-bearers during his Journey to *Naples*.

Scarce

Scarse was the Ship out of the Harbour, when our *Scaramouche*, who knew how to act his Part, began to chant out the Litanies of the Saints with such Devotion, as edify'd exceedingly all the Passengers in general, but more particularly the two good Fathers. The *Litanies* ended, he went on with the *Credo*, the *Salve*, and the *De profundis*; after which every body else stood up, but he continu'd t'other Hour upon his Knees, as seeming to be in very deep Contemplation, though in truth all his Thoughts were wholly taken up in inventing Means to eat without paying any thing for his Victuals.

Dinner-time drew near, and *Scaramouche* grew sufficiently tir'd when he was very luckily interrupted, and (to his Comfort) taken from his deep Raptures by one of the good Fathers, who could not forbear at the seeming Devotion of *Scaramouche*, to be very Liberal of his Praises, but our Counterfeit Bigot disowning them to be due, with very modest Looks told him that he was a great Sinner, and that he had been more wicked than could be imagin'd.

Whilst

Whilst the Passengers were laying down their small Provisions, some upon Benches, others upon Trunks, a Sea-Man brought to the Monks a very good Dinner, at sight of which *Scaramouche*, who was then discoursing with one of the Fathers, could not but sigh most piteously. The godly Man about that time, desir'd to know from him both his Name and Country. My Father, answer'd *Scaramouche*, is a Gentleman of *Naples*, Worth 100000 Crowns, I think he is full 80 Years Old, he loves me dearly, and whilst I was very ill of a grievous Distemper, which weaken'd much my Eyes, he vow'd me to the great St. *Anthony of Padua*, from whence I return now, as you see begging in my way Home to fulfil my Father's Vows; but nothing grieves me so much as the Obligation I am under to beg what I my self might have been able to have given: In the mean while considering how Merciful God has been to me, in giving me time to perform my Penance, I am, out of Gratitude, fully resolv'd, though the only Son my Father has, to turn Monk as soon as I come to *Naples*.

The

The good Father, having heard *Scaramouche* with a great deal of Admiration, encourag'd him to persevere in his Design, and publickly commended so pious a Resolution. They were all so well pleas'd with him, that he was invited to Dinner by every one of them; but the good Monks were so earnest in their courteous Invitations, that *Scaramouche* return'd Thanks to the others for their Kindness, and told the Reverend Fathers, that he willingly accepted the Favour they press'd upon him, the rather, because he was desirous to use himself, as soon as posible, to their way of Living. After all, *Scaramouche* took the last Proffer, only because he thought it most Beneficial to his Stomach. No sooner was he at Table, but he bagan to pull out his Spectacles, (pretending he could not see well) after which, to spare the Reverend Fathers the Trouble of an Invitation, he fell immediately to work upon what ever was set before him. Whilst he was thus deeply engag'd, one of the Monks being about to ask him a Question, was immediately interrupted, for *Scaramouche*, fearing to lose time, said, God forbid,

bid Reverend Fathers, that I should pretend to give you Instructions, but methinks it would be convenient to observe a religious Silence at Dinner, since we shall have afterwards time enough to discourse.

Scaramouche had not yet his Belly full, when he perceiv'd that the Fathers had done eating; nevertheless he rose immediately from Table, though not without much Reluctancy; for having seen a fat Capon unmercifully taken away, he lifted his Hands up to Heaven, and fell a crying: The Fathers mov'd with Pity, at the sight of his Tears, were desirous to know the Occasion of them, but *Scaramouche*, not willing to discover the Truth of the Matter, said they proceeded from the Joy he was in to have met with so good Company.

After this *Scaramouche* thank'd the Monks, promising them upon the Faith of a Gentleman, that at their arrival in *Naples*, they should receive a full recompence for their Charity, and that he would give all his Estate to their Convent immediately after the Death of his Father, who could not live long.

From

From one thing to another, I don't know how they came to talk of *Rome*, whereupon one of the Fathers, having said that the Pope had presented him with a Gold Crucifix, which though it weigh'd Fifty Pistoles, he did not value so much for what it was worth, considering the Metal, as for its efficacy in casting out of Devils.

The good Father had scarce ended those Words, when *Scaramouche* began to make dreadful Postures, rolling his Eyes in his Head, and foaming like a Man really possess'd by some evil Spirit; he acted his Part so incomparably Well, that the Father, who could have swore *Scaramouche* was at that time tormented by several Devils, plac'd his Gold Crucifix upon the Stomach of the pretended Demoniac, who seem'd to grow more Furious at it, and roar'd in a very strange Manner, breaking out at the same time with such Barbarous Words as frighted all the Spectators.

Afterwards moderating his Transports by little and little, he became at last something more Sedate; and as if he had been just come out of a deep Lethargy, he fell upon his Knees to

thank

thank his Benefactor, still keeping in his Eyes some remainder of his late violent Agitation.

He was continually kissing the Crucifix, weighing it in his Hands, to judge whether it was of the Weight already mention'd. In short, he earnestly beg'd of the Father to let him keep it during the Voyage, least such another Accident as the Former should befall him. But it was not without much Difficulty that he obtain'd the Favour he requested.

Having thus the holy Relick in his Custody, he invented a thousand Stories of his pretended Possession, saying one while that the Devil had carry'd him to the Top of a high Steeple, another while that he had made him fast for a Fortnight together: In a Word, he told them some new Adventure every day.

Being come by *Ischa* and *Prosichida*, two little Towns pretty near *Naples*, several small Boats came to meet the Tartane, in order to land the Passengers. Whilst every one was busily looking after his own Cloaths, *Scaramouche* with his little Port-mantle under his Arms, leap'd very nimbly into one of the Boats, and pretending to be in great Haste, he made

the

he Water Men row with all speed, so hat he quickly got out of sight.

The Monks not finding *Scaramouche*, perceiv'd, but two late, that he was gone. I shall not trouble my self to say n what Consternation the Father was, whose fine Crucifix had been so cunningly carry'd away, that I shall leave the Reader to imagine: For I think it sufficient to have observ'd how *Scaramouche* found Means once more to live at other Men's Expence, and besides, to get a thing so Precious as a Gold Cross of Fifty Pistoles.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Scaramouche *having laid out all his Money in rich Cloaths, and Feasting, turn'd Player again, and got into Favour with the Duke of* Satrian.

SCaramouche being come to *Naples*, cloath'd himself very Richly, kept his Coach, with two Foot-Men, got almost every Day a new Mistress; and in short omitted nothing that could procure him those Pleasures which a Mony'd Man may command in great Cities.

What he had gotten since his departure from *Florence* was quickly spent, and finding no body willing to lend him any thing (for the *Neapolitans* have not Generosity enough to be Cullies) he was oblig'd to dismiss all his Retinue, and reduc'd to the sad Necessity of being again his own Servant.

The old Saying that *Hunger will break through Stone Walls*, and *Necessity has no Law*, was sadly verify'd in *Scaramouche*

uche, whom Necessity oblig'd to quit some time the Thoughts of that andeur and Nobility, with which he s infatuated as long as his Money ted.

Some Players happening to be in *Na*-, he desir'd to be receiv'd into their mpany, which they willingly agree'd : and he acted the Part of *Scara*-*uche*, so divertingly, that the Duke *Satrian* hearing how the new Actor s universally commended, sent for se Comedians, to have them act in House, for the Entertainment of his n Family.

The Day was appointed, and accord- to the usual Custom in the like sts, a great part of the Nobility t in the Dukes Palace : *Scaramouche* av'd himself to a Miracle, and forc'd m all the Spectators such Praises as uld have feasted the Mind, and there- e satisfy'd the Appetite of any other : *Scaramouche* when at Table (where was plac'd by the Dukes Special nmand) was so hotly engag'd a- ng the Dishes, that it was easily per- 'd the Diet he fed upon most was Glory.

If

If I should forget to observe that *Scaramouche* play'd his Part very well on any other eating Occasion, I desire the Reader to suppose it through the whole History.

When Supper was over, and the Company ready to go, the Duke's Servants prepar'd to light the Strangers to the Door with Silver Candle-sticks.

Scaramouche to shew his readiness to serve the Duke, took one too in each Hand, but carry'd his Civility so far, that he lighted Himself home.

The next Night *Scaramouche* went again to Supper with the Duke, and told him that his Butler deserv'd a sharp reprimand, since the Night before he might have carry'd away a good part of his Highnesse's Plate, when he was contented to take only a Cupple of Candle-sticks, of which he would be sure to be more careful than his Servants if his Highness would be pleas'd to try him.

He was accordingly gratify'd with them, but when he was ready to go, the Prince order'd a Man to light him out, lest by doing that Office himself, he should take away two more.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How Scaramouche *acts at the Duke of* Castro's, *and meets there with the Monk whose Crucifix he had run away with.*

THE Duke of *Castro* hearing of the Trick put upon the Duke of *Satrian*, was very desirous to see *Scaramouche*, to which End the Comedians were sent for; as soon as they came into the House, the Butler, who knew how *Scaramouche* had already behav'd himself at the Duke of *Satrians*, kept a watchful Eye upon his Plate.

After a noble Collation, which was given in the Garden, *Scaramouche* with his Stage Cloaths on, went to repeat some new Scenes in an Alley some what out of the Way, where he did not in the least expect to be seen by any body, yet such was his Misfortune there, that whilst he was practising all the Grimaces and Postures necessary for his Part, the Monk that own'd the gold

Crucifix, happening to go by that Place discover'd him through the Pails: The good Father was at first in some Suspence, and knew not what to do, but after a long and strict Examination, being at last convinc'd that the Mimick, whom he saw was the Man who had cheated him, he crept softly behind him, took him by his short Cloak, and ask'd for his Crucifix, *Scaramouche* was much surpriz'd to be found out, however he pretended to know nothing of the Matter; but the more Obstinate he was in his Denial, the more his Speech betray'd him: In vain did he declare himself a Man of Honour, that his Name was *Scaramouche*, and that he was mistaken for another; the Father not willing to let him escape, held him still by his Cloak, and began to cry out, Thieves: *Scaramouche*, who easily foresaw that some body would come to help this Reverend Father, disingag'd himself so quickly, that those who came at the Noise they heard, found the Monk all alone, with nothing but *Scaramouche*'s Cloak in his Hands. The Duke, and the rest of the Company, ask'd the Occasion of this Alarm; the Father

told

told them, that in his way from *Leghorn* to *Naples*, he was cunningly robb'd off his Crucifix by *Scaramouche*; that he had found him again in the Garden, but that he had left his Cloak and escap'd.

This Story was all the Comedy they had that Day, for *Scaramouche* run through the City (where he drew after him the whole Mobb, for he had his Stage-Cloaths on) got his Port-Mantle with all speed, and took Shipping in a Vessel ready to Sail for the Isle of *Malta*, praising his Stars for his happy Deliverance.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Captain's Mistress fell in Love with Scaramouche.

S*Caramouche* after he was on Board was quickly acquainted with the Captain, who offer'd him his own Table, which he accepted very heartily, for he could never refuse any thing of that Nature.

A *Spanish* Lady, who dieted also with the Captain, was very well pleas'd with *Scaramouche*, his Air, his taking Manner, together with his delicate Shape, did so much work upon her, that she fell in Love with him, even to Distraction, neither could she conceal this Passion from the Slave that waited upon her.

Scaramouche on the other side quickly discover'd his own happiness, by the amorous Glances the *Spanish* Lady was pleas'd every Moment to cast upon him; he was fully confirm'd in his Opinion, as soon as he heard her Slave whispering

ing him in the Ear, that ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with him.

Scaramouche took hold of this fair Occaſion, and accordingly one Day, when the Captain was upon Deck, he ſlip'd into the Lady's Room, where ſhe was diſpos'd to receive him Favourably.

He had ſcarce begun to enjoy his good Fortune, when on a Sudden a ſtormy Wind aroſe, by which the Ship was like to ſink; the Waves and the Sea-men made a very great Noiſe, which frighted the young Lady ſo much, that ſhe thruſt out poor *Scaramouche*, and told him, in a very rough manner, that he was the Cauſe of the Danger they were in.

Scaramouche confounded, and almoſt ſpeechleſs, ſtay'd behind the Cabin Door as long as the Storm laſted, which was not above half a quarter of an Hour, and after it was over he began to chear up again; and the rather, becauſe the *Spaniſh* Lady call'd then to him in a very amorous Manner, *Mi Ceraçon, mis ojos, mi alma, vengas, Senor Tiberio vengas.* My Heart, my Eyes, my Soul, come, *Signor Tiberio* come. He did not

tarry for a second Invitation, *but whilst he was tasting the sweetest Joys that Love could afford*, a more violent Tempest than the Former, interrupted his Pleasures once more.

Scaramouche, tho' not without much Sorrow, was forc'd a second time to quit the Lady, and went upon Deck, from whence the Captain had already thrown over Board a great Number of Truncks and Boxes, *&c.* to lighten the Ship.

At the break of Day, a fine Calm appear'd upon the Waters, but not upon *Scaramouche's* Face, for he was so troubled because his Portmantle was not to be found, that he swore at the Captain, and curs'd the Pleasures he had taken that Night with the *Spanish* Lady.

The Captain griev'd at the loss of his Goods, and understanding by *Scaramouche's* Imprecations, that the *Spanish* Lady had been kind to him, vented all his Rage on his Rival; and having almost kill'd him, with Bastinado's, landed him in a desert rocky Place.

Scara-

Scaramouche being reduc'd to that sad Condition, could not forbear crying like a Child, but seeing that his Misfortune was past Remedy, he took Courage, and climb'd like a Goat in two Hours time to the Top of the Mountain.

CHAP. XIV.

How Scaramouche *met with certain* Bandito's *who forc'd him to stay with them.*

DEstiny, which seem'd to delight in persecuting *Scaramouche*, brought him into the Hands of a Company of Thieves, who took him to be a Spy from the Vice-Roy of *Palermo*, and thereupon examin'd him with a Pistol at his Breast.

He who had never before been in such a Condition, endeavour'd to soften the Rogues by the most humble Postures he could imagine: But they being not satisfy'd with his Grimaces, forc'd him to tell them plainly his

whole Adventure, to which they would give no Credit; so that for their own Security they kept him with them, and oblig'd him to attend them where ever they went.

One day those *Bandito's* murder'd a rich Merchant, of whom they took six-hundred Pistoles, which they went to divide among themselves in a House that had been uninhabited for some considerable time before, because most People thought it to be haunted.

Three Travellers were just come in there for Shelter, when they perceiv'd so many Men, so well Arm'd, ready to enter the House, they endeavour'd, in a great Fright, to hide themselves in the remotest Part of the old Building; in this Hurry they happen'd to throw down some Rubbish, which frighted the Thieves so much, that thinking Hell was broke loose against them, they immediately ran away and left behind them their Money, which at that time they were counting upon a Table.

The Travellers over-joy'd to see the Rogues scamper, shut the Door after them, and shared the whole Booty.

The

The Thieves, when they were got a Musquet-shot from the place they had left in so great haste, were sorry to have so easily parted with their Money; whereupon they forc'd *Scaramouche* to return thither, to see whether it were there still.

Scaramouche, who durst not refuse to go, how dangerous soever the Errand seem'd to be, came to the Door of the House, when one of the Travellers was just saying to the others, that Heaven had at a very seasonable time, sent them that Money, since they had scarce fifteen Pence a Piece when this good Fortune happen'd to them.

He having heard these Words only by halves, return'd immediately to tell the *Bandito's* that he had found the Door shut, and that Devils were come in so great a Number, that each had scarce fifteen Pence of the Money to his Share.

Tho' *Scaramouche* had a pretty large Conscience (as we have already observ'd) yet he was struck with Horror to be in the Company of these Thieves, and would certainly have left them, but

that he was afraid upon the least Motion that way to lose his Life.

He serv'd them as their Cook, and waited upon them at Table; but his greatest Plague was when the Rogues chang'd their Habitations, for then they loaded him with all their Baggage, under which he was more than once almost stifl'd.

The Thieves by removing design'd to avoid the High Sheriff's Men, but it happen'd quite otherwise; for by their frequent Marches they fell into an Ambuscade of above Thirty of them, who at the first firing, shot five or six of the Rogues; all the others fled, except *Scaramouche*, who was taken Prisoner.

He was carry'd to *Palermo*, bound Hand and Foot as if he had been an Highway-Man, and was to have been hang'd immediately, if the Judge, who was desirous to know from him some Particulars about the Thieves, had not deferr'd his Execution.

Scaramouche, upon his Examination, told him how the *Banditto's* had forc'd him to follow them, but this would not have clear'd him, had he not remembred the Captains Name, in whose Ship

he

he was when he was landed in the Mountains.

Not long before, the Captain (whose Name was *Peressio*) had ancor'd in the Harbour of *Palermo*, in order to give an Inventory of the Goods he was forc'd to throw over-Board, during the Storm; and because at the same time, two Merchants of that City (not daring to expose themselves any longer to the Fury of the Sea) had quitted *Peressio's* Ship, the Judge had them before him with *Scaramouche*, whom they presently knew again, and having given their Evidence in Favour of the Prisoner, the Judge acquitted him immediately. The Tryal was very Nice, and tho' *Scaramouche* was very well pleas'd to have escap'd the Danger of it, yet his Joy was much abated, when he consider'd that he was quite Naked, and that the Gaoler (who in this was a meer *Jew*) would not release him without a considerable Summ of Money, which he pretended to be his due.

Scaramouche was at a loss upon this Occasion, but after many Projects, he sent to some Players that acted then in the Vice-Roy's Palace, and desir'd them

to

be so kind as to assist him. They had not yet heard of his Talents, nevertheless they were so charitable as to release him out of Prison; nay, besides that, the Company was so generous as to take him into their Service, allowing him eighteen Pence a Day.

After he had for some time taken Wages for his Service, he offer'd to act a Comic Part, which he could not obtain before the Death of him who acted the Part of *Coviello*.

At his first appearing upon the Stage there, as well as in other Places, he pleas'd every body so much, that his Companions, who were the most expert Players in all *Italy*, grew jealous of him, and endeavour'd to turn him out, by hindering him to act as often as he desir'd, but *Scaramouche* bore all their ill Usage with Patience; for he was not able to forget the Obligations he ow'd to them for their Succour, remembring still that if they had not help'd him out of Prison he might have perish'd in it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How Scaramouche *falls in Love with* Marinette *his first Wife.*

S*Caramouche* after a serious Reflection upon the Inconveniencies which he had fallen into by his Prodigality, became a good Husband, and instead of spending his Time and Money in publick-Houses, the Days he did not act, he delighted most in walking. Being once about three Miles out of Town, he perceiv'd on the River-side, a young Maid drying her Head of Hair, which she had been washing, and which was of so extraordinary a Length, that tho' she stood up upon a high Stone, yet it reach'd down to the Ground, and besides it was of the finest Colour in the World.

This charming Head of Hair, with the Beauty of the Person, won the Heart of *Scaramouche* entirely; he was gazing so passionately upon the young Fair One, that her Mother could not for-

forbear telling him that by his Look it appear'd he had some Kindness for her Daughter.

He reply'd, that indeed he had never seen any thing so Charming as the young Maid, and that she deserved the Admiration of the greatest Criticks in Beauty. By his Discourse, the Mother was sufficiently convinc'd that he was really in love with her Daughter; therefore she told him, that he might have her, if he was a Batchelour, and willing to marry; my Husband, added she, was a rich Merchant, by whose Death our Affairs have been brought into a very bad Condition, but tho' we have not an Estate, we have always had a good reputation.

Scaramouche during her whole Speech was very thoughtful, and the Cause of his silence being ask'd by the Mother, he answer'd, that a Man ought to take a great deal of time to consider what he generally does but once in his life, and that he remember'd he had heard say, that a good Wife must be without Eyes, that she may not see the Amours of her Husband; without a Tongue, that she may not answer when he rebukes her;

and,

and, in fine, without Ears, that she may not listen to the courtship of a Lover; but said he, your Daughter does not seem to want any of these Senses.

The good Mother, who could not forbear laughing at *Scaramouche*'s Words, told him that she knew no other Fault in her Daughter, but that of being Poor. So much the better, answer'd he, for a Maid must be a bad Commodity, when Money must be given to put her off. I'll marry your Daughter out of Love only, and without a Portion, her Beauty and Virtue will have greater Influence on me, than all the Riches in the World. Discoursing thus upon the intended Marriage, he brought them to their own House. Not long after he enquir'd about them in the Neighbourhood, and finding that the Mother had told him nothing but what was true, he marry'd her Daughter in a Fortnight's time.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How Scaramouche *being in great Want found a gold Chain.*

THE Comedians of *Palermo*, who design'd to spend the Winter at *Rome*, who were ready to go thither, when poor *Scaramouche* was much concern'd, for want of Money, having laid out almost what ever he had in Feasting and in Wedding Cloaths. Whilst he was thus perplex'd for his bad Circumstances, he luckily found a Purse in which was a Gold Chain, worth a hundred Pistoles. All his Trouble immediately vanish'd at the sight of so fine a Metal: however he was still some what concern'd, fearing lest by offering to sell the Chain, he should meet with its owner; and besides he thought it dangerous to trust any body with such a secret.

The Marquiss of *Aquaviva*, who had lost this Chain, promis'd a Reward of twenty Pistoles to any one that should bring it to him again, which *Scara-*

mouche

mouche hearing of, resolv'd to get the Money without delivering the Chain. Accordingly he went to a Brasier, whom he order'd to make one of Copper exactly like the Gold one, which he had found; afterwards he went to a Father Confessor, to whom he gave a gold Ring, which was fastn'd to the Chain, telling him he knew who had the Marquis of *Aquaviva*'s Chain, but that he who had found it would not restore it under thirty Pistoles, being a Man that had a Charge of a Wife and many Children. The Good Father advis'd *Scaramouche* to tell him who had the Chain, saying, that the Marquis would not stand for ten Pistoles.

Scaramouche would not relie on what the Father said, but boldly told him, that if thirty Pistoles were not given within twenty four Hours, the Marquis would be in danger of losing his Chain, and that after all, he trusted him with that Secret by way of Confession.

The Father, seeing him persevere in that Resolution, desir'd him to come again to him the next Day at the same Hour. *Scaramouche* accordingly went

to

to the Place appointed, and after having receiv'd thirty Pistoles from him, he gave him the Copper Chain in the same Purse wherein he had found the Gold one. *Scaramouche*, leaving the Father, blest him a thousand Times, and return'd over joy'd to his Wife, who was as glad of her Husband's Adventure, as the Marquiss was sorry when he receiv'd from the Father a Copper Chain instead of his Gold one.

CHAP. XVII.

How Scaramouche *travell'd with* Marinette *his Wife from* Palermo *to* Rome.

Scaramouche having by his Industry got a considerable Summ of Money, went for *Rome* with the rest of the Players; but the excessive niceness of his Wife *Marinette*, made him quickly sensible, that he who thinks to live the most contented Life in Marriage, may soon repent of his Credulity. Tho' he had a great Kindness for his Wife, yet

yet he bore with great impatience her Carriage, no less affected, than ridiculous, in so much that his quarelling with her, continually upon that Account, occasion'd the Laughter of all the other Players; that sort of People being glad of an Opportunity of ridiculing one another. *Marinette* made the Coach stop every Moment, sometimes because she found her self indispos'd, sometimes to make Water, and sometimes to gather a Flower which she saw in the Field.

Scaramouche, tho' inrag'd, was forc'd to be patient, but it was much worse when he came to the Inn, *Marinette* finding no Meat that would go down with her, the Smell of boyl'd Meat displeas'd her; the Wine was either too Sharp, or too Sweet; the Bread too new, or too Stale; the Soop not Salt enough: In short, nothing pleas'd her. Tho' *Scaramouche* had taken Care to procure the best Bed in the Inn, yet for all that, she complain'd all night long that the Feather Bed was too Hot for her, and that one of the Wrinkles of the Sheets had broke one of her Ribs; and tho' 'twas not Summer, she complain'd that

she

she had been martyr'd by the biting of a Flea.

Scaramouche being tir'd with hearing her thus Complain, struck Fire, and having lighted a Candle, took a Gun with which he offer'd to kill the Flea (if there was any.) This extravagant Resolution having frighted her, she gave him a little more Rest the remainder of the Night.

Another Night *Scaramouche* seeing that his Wife, after having rub'd her Hands with a certain Pomatom, was gone to Bed with her Gloves on, he went to ly by her booted and spur'd: *Marinette* feeling him scratch her Legs, cry'd out as if she had been murder'd; *Scaramouche* knowing her Humour, did nothing but laugh at her, saying that to drive away the Fleas, he lay with his Spurs on; and that besides, he might very well wear his Boots in Bed, since she wore her Gloves in it.

After an Hour's dispute *Marinette* pull'd off her Gloves, that *Scaramouche* might take of his Boots, and so made a Peace, which they confirm'd with Kisses,

es, which seem'd to them the Sweeter. fine Weather is always more pleasing ter a Storm, or Health after Sickness.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Marinette *appear'd the first time upon the Stage.*

THat Company of Players being come to *Rome*, *Scaramouche* proos'd to them his Wife's acting, which e younger Comedians agreed to, more t of design to get in Favour with er, than to oblige her Husband.

The Day on which *Marinette* was o act the part of a Chamber-maid, ter having dress'd her self in that arb, in which she appear'd very charmg, she bad her Husband put her Busk n, which he did.

Scaramouche to get a Name in the hief City of the World, surpass'd even imself in that Play; and *Marinette*, landsome as she was, being seconded y her Husband, and speaking with

a good Grace, drew upon her the Eyes of all the Spectators.

The Play being ended, a great Number of Lords came behind the Stage to applaud *Scaramouche*; the Praises which some of them gave afterwards to the Beauty and Genteelness of *Marinette*, were so great, that she fell into an Elbow-Chair half in a Swound; and the better to conceal the occasion of it, she began to rail at *Scaramouche*, and at the same time fell a crying, as if he had abus'd her.

All the Noblemen blam'd *Scaramouche*, and desir'd to know of *Marinette* the Occasion of her Tears, but were not a little suppriz'd, when she told them that her Husband had put on her Busk so Cold, that it gave her the Cholick, of which she had been like to die. They were so complaisant, as to say that she had Reason to complain, and advis'd *Scaramouche* to warm his Wife's Busk better the next time, lest he should oblige her to employ some other who perhaps might better serve her.

CHAP. XIX.

How Scaramouche *having supp'd with the Duke of* Carbognan, *carry'd away a great Pie, which broke upon his Head.*

SCaramouche and *Marinette* were in a very little time the Chief of their Company, which, through their Credit, became the richest in *Italy*.

The *Roman* Lords were not satisfy'd only to see them upon the Stage, but some us'd to visit *Marinette*, to converse with her and to hear her sing; whilst others had her Husband with them at their own Houses, to see at a nearer Distance, his Postures and Grimaces.

He seldom left a Nobleman's Table without carrying away something, wherewithal to make a *Ragou*. One Night having supp'd at the Duke of *Carbognan*'s, he took a great round Pye; and because he was not willing to trust any body with it (so much was he afraid to lose so fine a Morsel) he carry'd

ry'd it in his Arms to his own Door, where placing it upon his Head, to look in his Pocket for the Key, the Under-Crust broke, so that the Pye fell upon his Shoulders, and stuck there like a *Spanish* Ruff.

The Maid hearing her Masters Voice, ran immediately to open him the Door, and seeing him in that Pickle, thought presently that he had disguis'd himself on purpose, and that the Pye was made with nothing but Past-board; but *Scaramouche* drawing his Tongue a Foot long out of his Mouth, to lick the Sauce, which ran down his Face, gave plain Proofs that it was really a Pye. When he came up into his Chamber, he had the Pye cut from his Neck, just as one would file off a Slave's Collar, when he is to be set at liberty.

The Fat which was thick upon his Eyes, hinder'd him from seeing as he came in. Seven or eight Lords that were then with his Wife, and who had brought thither a noble Collation, tho' *Scaramouche* came unseasonably to interrupt them, they were nevertheless very Glad to see so pleasant an Adventure; and one of them taking a Napkin clean'd

clean'd *Scaramouche*'s Face, and gave him a Glass of Wine to revive his Spirits.

Scaramouche having swallow'd that Cordial, sate at Table with them, and had half of his Pye brought to him, which he lik'd much better than all the wet and dry Sweet Meats, with which the Table was furnish'd. He easily comforted himself under his Misfortune, when he saw that no body offer'd to eat of his Pye; which they perhaps would have done, had he brought it whole. He was pleas'd with himself for having undesignedly followed the Example of that Famous Glutton, who blew his Nose in the best Dishes, to have the Pleasure of eating all himself,

CHAP. XX.

How Marinette *being deliver'd of a Boy,* Scaramouche *desir'd Cardinal* Chigi *to be the God-Father; and how he drew in the Cardinal to make him a Present.*

SCaramouche having visited, during the whole Summer, most of the Chief Cities in *Lombardy*, return'd to act at *Rome* in the Winter.

His Wife at his arrival was very near her Time, for which Reason he us'd to keep constantly by her, and endeavour'd by diverting her to soften the Pains she suffer'd, in the midst of which she would continually cry out that *Scaramouche* was a Rogue and a Cheat, and that he had deceiv'd her. Is this, said she, your Promise, never to get me with Child, you Traitor, and Imposter? Hold your Tongue, hold your Tongue my Dear, answer'd *Scaramouche*, forgive me this once, and I assure you for the future I will lie in for you.

Why

Why do you make such a Fool of me, said she, as if I did not know that that is impossible? Not at all my Honey, reply'd *Scaramouche*, there is an Author, and a very creditable one too, who sayes that Hares are Males one Year, and Females another; why may not a man do the same?

Marinette having been at last happily deliver'd of a little *Scaramouche*, her Husband went immediately to get his Son a noble God-Father, and among others he desir'd Cardinal *Chigi* to grant him that Favour, which the Cardinal could not deny, having a great Kindness for *Scaramouche*; and his Eminence was even so favourable as to be present in the Church where little *Scaramouche* was christn'd with great Solemnity.

The Ceremony being ended, the Cardinal withdrew without presenting any thing either to the Father, Mother, or God-Son, contrary to the Custome which is constantly observ'd in *Italy*.

A Fortnight after the Comedians acted at the Queen of *Sweeden*'s; Cardinal *Chigi* was there, to whom *Scaramouche* cry'd out (*Miracolo, miracolo*

Eminentissimo Signore!) your God-Son speaks already.

The Queen of *Sweeden* impatient to know *Scaramouche*'s Design, ask'd him what his Son could say, Madam, answer'd *Scaramouche*, the Child complains his Eminence gave him Nothing at the Christening.

The Cardinal smiling, drew immediately a Diamond from off his Finger and gave it to *Scaramouche*, saying, take this to make him hold his Tongue.

Scaramouche humbly return'd him Thanks, and said, he would not fail to send him his God-Son, who would be sure to thank his Eminence himself, and that besides, he did not know but the Child might have Occasion to say something else.

The whole Assembly fell a laughing at the pleasant Way *Scaramouche* had made use of to get a Present from the Cardinal.

The Carnaval being ended, *Scaramouche* left *Rome*, in order to go and spend the Lent at *Florence*, where he bought a pretty Estate, without the Gate, call'd *Poggio Imperiale*, and order'd the following Inscription to be plac'd on the House

House; *Fiori Fiorilli E gli fu flora il fato*, in Allusion to his Name of *Fiorilli*, being willing to let every body know, by those Words, that his good Fortune had made his Family flourish with Ease and Plenty.

CHAP. XXI.

How Scaramouche *went to* Milan.

S*Scaramouche* having stay'd long enough in *Florence*, to settle the Estate he had purchas'd, went into the Duchy of *Milan*, where his Reputation was already so well spread, that at his Arrival there, the Governour, the Marquiss of *Caracene* presented him with a Gold Chain.

Scaramouche, who did not bely upon the Stage, the good Opinion they had conceiv'd of him, gave no less Proofs in private of his natural Disposition to be a Comedian in all his Actions. He went once to wait upon the Governour with his Gold Chain, at the end of which he had hung in Paper the Image

of the Marquiss of *Caracene*, who at the Sight of it was much offended; but *Scaramouche* having told him, that by doing so, he had no other design, than to let the World understand of whom he had the Chain; the Marquiss gave him a fine Gold Medal, in which was his Picture drawn to the Wast.

Whilst every body admir'd him at *Milan*, he was sent for with his Company to *Vienna*, to act in the Emperour's Court. On the other side, Cardinal *Mazarini* desir'd Prince *Alexander Farneza* to perswade him to go into *France*. *Scaramouche* who had heard of *Lewis* XIV's Grandeur, and Generosity, without much ado refus'd the Emperour's Offers; and by consent of the Prince of *Parma*, he resolv'd for *France*, where he Arriv'd about the Year 1660.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

What was most Remarkable in Scaramouche's *Voyage to* France.

S*Caramouche* being on his Way for *France*, was cruelly plagu'd with his Wife, between the Country of *Novorse*, to a Place call'd the *Great Cross*. For she would not go a * Horse-back, because she could never be able to stretch her Leggs wide enough to ride across. Her Husband therefore propos'd to her to be carry'd in a Chair by two Men, which she accepted upon Condition that *Scaramouche* should follow her; and as those Chairmen keep a narrow Foot-path, through which the Mules cannot go, *Scaramouche* was oblig'd to walk after her like a Spaniel.

* *In that part of the Country they have no Horses but Mules to ride upon.*

About five Miles from the Place they had left, one of the Chair-men unluckily fell down, and put his Leg

out of Joint; and not being able to go any farther, *Scaramouche* was forc'd to take his Place, and carry *Marinette* as far as the *Great Cross*, where he met with other Chairmen.

When they had pass'd the Plain, *Scaramouche* perceiving that there was still Snow enough upon the Ground, got *Marinette* into a Sledge, pretending to divert her; she was no sooner there, but the Guide, who had a Sign given him by *Scaramouche*, parted as swiftly as an Arrow from a Bow. *Marinette* cry'd out but once, and that lasted from the time the Sledge began to slide, till they came to *Lunenburg*, where they stopt.

Scaramouche who was arriv'd there before his Wife, had much ado to pacifie her, for she threatn'd to tare his Eyes out; but after he had suffer'd her to vent her Anger, he took her behind him a Horse back, and came in the Evening to an Inn in a Village, where there was but one Bed, already taken up by two Merchants that were going for *Turin*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Invention Scaramouche *made use of to get the Merchants out of their Bed.*

M*arinette* being tir'd with riding, understood to her great Sorrow, that she was to lie upon Straw, at which News she began to curse the Moment in which she had left her dear Native Country.

Scaramouche to pacifie her, told her, that just now a Project came into his Head, by which they might get the Bed from the Merchants, if she would but help him in his Design.

Marinette having answer'd that she would do any thing to have a Bed. *Scaramouche* desir'd the Landlord to have a Fire lighted in the Merchants Chamber, since he had no other, and that he and his Wife would be contented to pass the whole Night there upon Chairs.

Scaramouche sitting by the Fire with *Marinette*, drew out of his Pocket a Rope which he had unty'd from about his Portmantle, and ask'd his Wife for some Soap, saying, thou knoweſt that to morrow I am to hang a Highway-Man, I'll have the Rope well liquor'd; for tho' I am a Hangman, yet I bear a Conſcience in my Office: My Brother is a covetous Fellow, and to ſave two Pence he uſes no Soap, without which he makes the poor Wretches languiſh in a very cruel Manner.

For my part, I am a Man of Honour, and perform my Office with Humanity and Compaſſion: my Father has taught me the ingenioueſt Tricks of our Trade. Thanks to Heaven, I have known how to make uſe of his Inſtructions, ſince I may boaſt without Vanity, that I am the moſt expert Hang-man within theſe three Hundred Miles.

You ſaw how nimbly I diſpatch'd thoſe wretched Creatures that had murder'd a Poſt-Boy tother day: Well Wife, tell me, can any Man do better than I did then? tho' the Judge had order'd them to be broke upon the Wheel,

Wheel, yet I quickly put them out o their Pain, for which their Relation gave me four Pistoles.

The Merchants who lay awake all the while, and thought really he was the Hangman with his Wife, stole softly out of the Chamber, to quarrel with the Landlord, for letting the Hangman come into their Roome.

Scaramouche, seeing them out, immediately shut the Door, and after he had turn'd the Sheets, went to Bed with his Wife.

The next Day he discover'd his Trick to the Landlord, who heartily laugh'd at it. He went on in his Journey, and the first Place they came to, where People don't understand *Italian*, was *Chambery*, the Metropolis of *Savoy*, in which City being arriv'd, *Scaramouche* went to the Custom House, in order to have his Portmantle, which was left there, and ask'd for it in this Manner: *Monsieur le Maître Bourreau rendes moy mes bardes*: which signifies, Mr. chief Hangman, return me my Baggage again: (He meant, *Maître du Bureau*, Master of the Office) The Clerk offended at such Words, gave him a good Box on the Ear,

Scaramouche on the other side was not idle, so that they cuff'd one another sufficiently; and those that parted them laugh'd heartily, when they understood the pleasant Reason why the Clerk was so angry.

Scaramouche being come to *Lyons*, a famous City in *France*, took his Lodging at the Three Kings; and as the *Spaniards* say, *No ay ni Puta ni Ladron sin ninguna devotion*, that is, there is neither Thief, not Whore, but have some Devotion in them; *Scaramouche* as well as *Marinette*, it being Fast Night, ask'd some Fish for their Supper, but instead of *Poisson*, which is the *French* for Fish, they said *Poison*, Poyson, so that the Maid of the House, taking them to be Fools, went down to tell her Mistress those Strangers were Mad.

The Landlady went up her self to know what they would have, but *Scaramouche* thinking now to be better understood than before, said, Pray Mistress be so kind as to let us have a *broche*, meaning *brochet*, which is a Pike; another Mistake which made the Woman believe their Devotion was so great, as to desire nothing for their Supper

but

but a *brioche*, a ſort of Bread-Cake, which ſhe ſent immediately to them.

Scaramouche and *Marinette* who had not din'd too well that day, expected always the Pike would follow the *brioche*; but ſeeing after they had waited a long time, that nothing elſe came, *Scaramouche* went down himſelf to the Kitchen, where he might have ſtorm'd in vain the whole Night, if ſome Merchants that underſtood *Italian* had not come to help him out.

They underſtanding that *Scaramouche* wanted ſome Fiſh, told him that it would be too long before they could get it ready, and that he and his Wife would do better to ſup with them: *Scaramouche* and *Marinette* willingly broke the Faſt to eat with the Merchants, whom they found ſo very civil, that they reſolv'd immediately to take Places in the ſame Coach with them, for *Paris*, to enjoy their good Company thither.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Scaramouche *presented himself with his Dog and Parrot before the King.*

Scaramouche being come to *Paris*, was for some time in suspence, in what Manner his best Way would be for the first time to wait upon the King; at last he resolv'd to appear at Court with his *Scaramouche*'s Habit, and a Cloak over it.

As soon as he came in presence of his Majesty, he threw down his Cloak, and was seen with his Guitar, his Dog and his Parrot. *Scaramouche* made a very pleasant Harmony with those two Animals, which he had brought up to bear their Part; he had one of them plac'd upon the Neck of his Guitar, and the other upon a Stool when he sung the following Words.

SONG.

SONG.

FA la ut mi modo nel cantar
Re mi si on non aver ligua a quel la
Che sol fa profession di farmi star
Mi re resto in questo
Laberinto ch'ogni mal discerna
Che la mi sol fa star in questo inferno.

La mi fa sospirare la notte è il dì
Re mi rar la non vol el mi-o dolor
La fa far ogni cant ò solperm̃i
Mi mi sol moro ristoro
Non sen, mai per aver in fin ch'io spiro
Che la sol fa la-mor, io mi ro-mi-ro.

Those three Animals did so very well act their Parts, that the King from that time entertain'd an Affection for that in the middle, which was *Scaramouche*, who has had the Honour to divert that great Prince for above thirty Years together, appearing always new in his Actions, tho' he never alter'd his Part.

He had the Satisfaction to see himself quickly engrav'd, and even cut in Marble. Cabinets and Chimneys were adorn'd

adorn'd with his Picture: In a Word, neither Court nor City could ever see him enough.

CHAP. XXV.

A pleasant Repartee of Scaramouche.

ONE Day the King being at Dinner perceiv'd *Scaramouche* standing near him, and was so Kind as to fill him, with his own hands, a Glass of some Outlandish Wine, to see whether he had any Skill in it. *Scaramouche* had quickly swallow'd that Glass, and the King asking him of what Country he thought it was, he answer'd, that the Pleasure he had taken in the drinking of it, had hindred him from minding that: the King gave him another Glass, telling him, thou must now think on it, for thou shalt have no more. *Scaramouche* at the second time guess'd that it was of *Piemont*.

Cardinal *Mazarin* having drawn him aside, told him, *Scaramouche*, thou mayest boast, that the greatest Monarch in the World

World has fill'd thee a Glass of Wine; Those that stood by the Cardinal, laughing at *Scaramouche*'s Answer, the King ask'd what it was; but because no body durst tell him, *Scaramouche* spoke to his Majesty and said, that his Eminence having told him he might boast how the greatest Monarch in the World had fill'd him some Drink; he answer'd, that he should not fail to let his Baker know it. The King understanding by that Answer, that the Honour he had done *Scaramouche*, gave him no Bread, presently reply'd with an unparalell'd Generosity, thou mayst tell him also that I add to thy Pension one Hundred Pistoles: *Scaramouche* thank'd his Majesty, and withdrew very well satisfy'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

Another pleasant way of Scaramouche.

TO act an *Italian* Comedy there must be two Lovers; three Women, *viz.* two serious and a Comick one. One *Scaramouche*, *Neapolitan*; a *Pantalon*, *Venetian*; one Doctor of *Bologna*, and a *Mezzetin*, with an *Arlequin*, both of *Lombardy*. And his Majesty allows that Company a yearly Pension of fifteen thousand Livres, so that every one of them has five hundred Crowns a Year, sure Money.

The Company was compleat when *Pantaloon* discharg'd a Pistol at the old *Octave*, with whom he had quarrell'd before.

Tho' he miss'd his Enemy, yet he fled for it, and return'd into *Italy*, where he turn'd Priest.

Pantaloon being Wanted, the King order'd *Scaramouche* to send for another, and gave him fifty Pistoles for his Voyage. *Scaramouche* took the Money indeed

deed, but he did not much trouble himself to performe his Majesty's Orders.

Five or six Months after, the King took notice that a Pantaloon was not yet come, therefore he said once at Table, I have given *Scaramouche* fifty Pistoles to send for a Pantaloon into *Italy*, but I am afraid he hath spent the Money, and the Pantaloon will not come.

Scaramouche went immediately thro' the Croud, pretending he had some private thing to tell his Majesty, and coming to the King's Ear, he told him aloud; it's true Sir, that *Scaramouche* has spent the fifty Pistoles, but I beseech your Majesty not to tell the King of it.

His Majesty fell a laughing, and commanded one hundred Pistoles more to be given to *Scaramouche*; *viz.* Fifty for himself, and the other Fifty for a Pantaloon, that he might have no Excuse for the future.

The Queen, who was mightily pleas'd with that innocent Expression of *Scaramouche*, ask'd him if his Wife was with Child, and when she would be brought

to

to bed, when your Majesty pleases answer'd he, for she will always make it her Business to obey most faithfully all your Majesty's Orders.

CHAP. XXVII.

Scaramouche's *Invention to oblige the Queen Mother, to give him a Winter Suite.*

Scaramouche in sharp cold Weather coming to Court, with nothing on but a Doublet and Breeches of Silk, occasion'd a great Laughter among the Courtiers, who in a Jeer told him that he had certainly mistaken *January* for *July*; but *Scaramouche*, who knew what he did, bore their Rallery with Patience, and the Tears running down his Face, would have perswaded any body, that he was Colder, than really he was.

The Queen Mother, who always pity'd those that she saw weeping, being desirous to know what reason he had thus to complain: *Scaramouche* answer'd, three un-

unlucky Accidents have happen'd to me this Morning, Madam. My faithful Spaniel (for which I had as much Kindness as for my Wife) is dead: My Footman has robb'd me of my Cloaths, and has left me none, but those I have upon my Back; and in short, to accumulate Misfortunes, as I was running in all Haste into my Chamber, my Parrot cry'd out, stop Thieves: I gave him a Box on the Ear, to punish him for his crying out so Late, but designing only to chastize him, I struck him so Hard that I kill'd him: As he was dying, he call'd me a hundred times a Traytor, and knowing he was about to leave this World, he sung so harmoniously, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*, that I am inconsolable for his Death. These, Madam, are three mortal Blows to poor *Scaramouche*, and I must still be so unhappy as to be Marry'd; for were I not so, in the Sorrow I am in, I would turn Hermit, and confine my self to a Desert all the rest of my Life; and besides, that would be a sure way to avoid the Persecution of my Creditors, who torment me continually.

The

The Queen Mother, sofin'd by his Complaints, order'd sixty *Louis d'Or* to be given him, to buy a Dog and a Parrot; and moreover gave him leave to take a Sute of Cloaths at the Woollen Drapers that serv'd the Court, which was then in Mourning for the Death of a foreign Prince.

Scaramouche who before cry'd for Cold, began now to cry for Joy; and after having thank'd the Queen, he told her that her Majesty's Liberality had enabled him to get some Cloaths again, and that his Maid, who was a prating Girl, would serve him instead of the Parrot, but that he was out of Hopes ever to find a Dog like his last.

As soon as he had his Cloaths made, he went to wait upon the Queen Mother, who seeing him cloath'd in Black, with a long Cloke made of a fine *Spanish* Cloath, and lin'd with Scarlet, could not tell what to think of that ridiculous and extraordinary way of Dressing, and ask'd him the Occasion of it, he answer'd that it was to imitate the Court, which was then in Mourning: But reply'd the Queen, you should not then have lin'd your Cloaths with Red; It

is Madam, added he, that I was willing to kill two Birds with one Stone, and mourn for the Death of my Parrot, whilst I mourn for that of the Prince.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Description of Scaramouche.

AS for the make of his Body, *Scaramouche* (as I have already observ'd) was short-sighted; He was also Deaf of his left Ear, and had a Shoulder quite dry'd up. His shape was pretty Tall and Strait, which he preserv'd to an extream old Age, in which he stoop'd but very little. 'Tis observable, that tho he was a great eater, he was nevertheless one of the most active Players that ever was seen. He had a great Kindness for Women, of whom however, he had no Reason to be over satisfy'd, for if the nice Humour of his first Wife made him spend several bad Moments, the open Gallantries of his second cruelty tormented him.

As for his Inclinations, he was extreamly Mistrustful, Covetous, and Passionate; he had a lively Imagination; he spoke but little, and had much difficulty to deliver his Words; but in recompence, Nature had endowed him with a wonderful talent to express by the Postures of his Body, and the Grimaces of his Face, what ever he had a mind to say, and that in such an Original Manner, that the famous *Moliere*, after having study'd him a long time, confess'd ingenuously that he was beholden to him for all the finest of his Actions.

CHAP. XXIX.

How Scaramouche *returned into* Italy.

IT's commonly said, that Men never know when they are well, *Scaramouche* is an Example of that Truth; for his Inconstancy, or his desire of seeing again his own Country, made him resolve to return into *Italy*, where his Wife was some Years since.

He

He ask'd Leave of the Court, which was granted him, upon Condition that he should come again, which *Scaramouche* promiss'd, tho' he was then fully resolv'd to stay for good and all in *Italy*.

Before his departure he went to take his Leave of the chief Lords in Court, and begg'd of every one of them a pair of Boots for his Voyage: He receiv'd so great a Number of them, that with those he sold again, a whole Regiment of Horse might have been well booted.

The Money he got by the Boots was more than sufficient to carry him to *Florence*, where he bought some more Land with the Money he brought out of *France*.

He was at first over-joy'd to see his Wife again, after so long a separation; but a Fortnight more of her Company, made him wish to be farther from her. She had not yet left her fantastick Humours; and as *Scaramouche* was not so patient as before, he us'd to scold at her every Day.

Besides having relish'd the easie and polite Behaviour of the *French*, he could not bear the *Italian* Ways, which seem too wild for him.

If he had a mind to live in the Country his Servants plagu'd him, and the Country People knowing him to be very Covetous, delighted in stealing from him whatever they could.

This oblig'd *Scaramouche* to return into *France*, where he was admir'd, cherish'd, and esteem'd more than before.

CHAP. XXX.

Scaramouche's *Amours with a Bakers Daughter at* Paris.

I Don't know whether *Scaramouche* brought from *Italy* (as it were by contagion) the peevish Humour so natural to those of that Country, or whether 'twas the Effects of old Age, but he us'd to vex and tease the other Players, his Companions with whom he continually fell out, and that, for the most part, Right or Wrong.

Scaramouche's new Amours procur'd them happily a little Rest; for being wholly taken up with his Mistress, he only thought how to gain her Heart.

She

She was a Baker's Daughter, who tho' a clownish Girl, was pretty enough, and was but fifteen or sixteen Years old at most.

Tho' she was so young, yet she was cunning enough to amuse for a long time poor *Scaramouche*, who at last (after many entreaties) obtain'd leave to see her one Day in her own House, when her Father was to be in the Country.

Tho' the Girl had given her Word, yet her Heart was so far from having the least Inclination for *Scaramouche*, that she told her Father of her old Lover's Project, and of the Rendezvous she had given him.

The Father glad to find an Opportunity of diverting himself at *Scaramouche's* Cost, knowing well the Person, agreed with his Daughter, that she should receive him into the House, and that he would quickly return, with a pretence he could not go in the Country, and knock hard at the Door, so as to oblige her to hide *Scaramouche* in a Kneading-Trough, which she should afterwards lock up.

Scaramouche ignorant of the Trick they design'd to put upon him, went at the appointed Hour to his Mistress, with all the Hopes an old Lover is capable to conceive.

But he had scarce begun to make her sensible (by his Compliment) of the Happiness he thought himself in, to be with her singly, when on a sudden the Father knock'd at the Door.

The Girl pretending to be in a great Surprize, Oh! I am ruin'd, said she, my Father will kill you if he finds you here.

Scaramouche, who in good earnest began to tremble for Fear, ask'd her if there were no Place for him to hide himself.

The Girl immediately shew'd him the Trough, in which he lay close among the remainder of the Meal that had been in it. After which she went to her Father who knock'd lowder and lowder.

The Father being let in, began to scold at her, and said, he would have something for his Supper, adding that the badness of the Weather was the Reason why he did not go into the Country.

The Girl accordingly made Supper ready for her Father, who afterwards went to bed in the ſame Room the Trough was in, where *Scaramouche* was very uneaſie during the whole Night, for he durſt not ſigh nor complain, for fear of being diſcover'd.

The next Morning as he was in hopes his Miſtreſs ſhould come to releaſe him, and make him forget all his Troubles, by the Favours he thought infallibly to obtain from her, one of the Baker's Neighbours (who had the word given him already) came to ask if the Trough might be ſold, pretending he had occaſion for one: they quickly agreed upon the Price, and the Baker ſeem'd very willing to part with it. The Buyer with the help of his Servants, or others, had it out of the Houſe.

Scaramouche, all this while was in no ſmall Fear, not knowing where he was carry'd. When they had brought him into the Street, they open'd the Trough, out of which *Scaramouche*, with his former Agility, leap'd ſo nimbly, that thoſe who ſtood by with a deſign to laugh at him, were themſelves as

much surpriz'd as if they knew nothing of the Matter.

Scaramouche being cover'd with Meal, ran as if his Breech had been on Fire, which occasion'd the Children wherever he pass'd by, to gather about him and follow him home, hollowing after him.

CHAP. XXXI.

Another Intrigue, and second Mariage of Scaramouche.

Scaramouche notwithstanding his ill Success in his Love with the Baker's Daughter, gave his Heart once more to another ordinary Wench, handsomer than the Former, but not so difficult.

The poor Condition she was reduc'd to, made her listen with sincere Intentions to the Courtship of the old Man; and thro' the Means of a Fruit-Woman, she gave her self wholly to *Scaramouche*, who took her into his House.

She liv'd in it for some years together in a good Correspondence with him; but at last (according to the Inclinati-

on

on common to that Sex) ſhe left him to follow a young ſpark that brought her into *England*, from whence ſhe return'd a Year after.

Scaramouche, who had lov'd her tenderly, took her again; and tho' ſhe had ſtill about her the undeniable Marks of her Infidelity to him, he lov'd her as much as before: Inſomuch that (hearing of *Marinette*'s Death in *Italy*) he marry'd her.

Scaramouche could not give her greater Proofs of his Love, yet this new Wife (ungrateful for all his Kindneſs) gave him daily too true Occaſions to complain of her, and to repent his having made her Fortune.

Scaramouche knew well that a young Wife is very ſeldom vertuous with an old Husband of eighty Years, therefore he pretended to be blinder than really he was, and put up his Horns very patiently in his Pocket.

But ſeeing at laſt, that ſhe pull'd off the mask and obſerv'd no more Meaſures, he had her ſhut up in a Convent where ſhe dy'd of Sorrow and Deſpair.

CHAP. XXXII.

Scaramouche's *Covetousness.*

SCaramouche, as I have already observ'd, was naturally Covetous, and being grown old, that passion was so much increas'd in him, that fearing lest his Maid should cheat him, he used to go himself to Market, and would buy so much as a Farthing's worth of Hearbs, as well as all other Provisions for his House; and tho' he was well known by every body, both great and small, yet his Care was never to hide what he had bought, carrying it in his Hand, in a Handkerchief, according to the Custome of *Italy.*

And because he would buy nothing, but what was very Cheap, they offer'd him the worst of every thing, Fish or Flesh, which (provided it were cheap) he would buy without any Scruple, whether it were rotten or stunk, for his Smelling was so very weak, that his Nose could not be offended at any thing.

He chiefly commanded his Servants to forbear telling him what his Wife did,

did, and how the Meat ſmelt, becauſe he would not have his Imagination offended, by thoſe Evils, which the weakneſs of his Senſes did not permit him to diſcover.

Thus *Scaramouche* well knew how to furniſh his Table at a cheap Rate, to which however he would never admit any body: and he was very careful to have his Servants ſay he was not within, when People came to ſpeak with him at Dinner-time, leſt it ſhould coſt him a Glaſs of Wine.

When he was invited abroad, he would eat of every thing that was moſt in Seaſon, as green Peaſe, Sparagus, Muſhrooms, *&c.* but he never eat any of them at his own Houſe, till they were out of Seaſon, alledging that green Things were prejudicial to one's Health; ſo much was he enclin'd to find Fault with every thing that was Dear.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A Pleasant mistake of Scaramouche *about his Maid.*

A Young Wench that *Scaramouche* kept as his own Child, desir'd once the Maid to let her lie in the Kitchen, where she pretended that Bed was better than her own, but in truth, it was because she had a mind to talk conveniently during the night with a young Fellow of the Neighbourhood, whose Window was next to the Kitchen.

The Maid, not mistrusting any thing, was easily persuaded to change Beds, and went accordingly to the Girl's Chamber, which was just by *Scaramouche*'s. It happen'd that the good Man, having found a *Love-Letter* from the young Man to the Girl, discover'd their Amours, and rose that Morning earlier than ordinary on purpose to whip her in Bed; but in stead of the Girl, he lash'd soundly the Servant whom he found there: 'Twas in vain for the Wench to cry out he was mistaken, for he who was both al-

almoſt Blind and Deaf, never left her till he had fully ſatisfy'd his juſt Indignation.

The Maid perceiving that her Maſter always believ'd he had whipp'd the Girl, durſt not undeceive him, for fear he ſhould beſides, ſcold at her for her Pains.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Another Example of Scaramouche's *Covetouſneſs.*

WE muſt obſerve that *Scaramouche* liv'd eighty ſeven Years without ever having any other Diſtemper (if we may call the Extinction of natural Heat a Diſeaſe) than that which ended his Days, for he dy'd without any conſiderable Symtom of a Fever.

His Phyſician having advis'd him to take a cooling Medicine, he ſent for an Apothecary, with whom he bargain'd above the ſpace of an Hour; and the Apothecary telling him he could not make it for leſs than half a Crown, becauſe the Drugs with which he was to compoſe it were dear; *Scaramouche* with much ado, bid him go about it. The

The Apothecary being return'd with the Medicine, *Scaramouche* disputed with him again above half a quarter of an Hour, endeavouring to bate something of the Price already settled; but the Apothecary giving him to understand that the Medicine by losing its Heat, would also lose its Virtue; *Scaramouche* at last plac'd himself in such a Posture to receive it, as made the Apothecary laugh heartily.

Scarce had he receiv'd half of the Clyster, when remembring that he was to pay half a Crown for it, he bid the Apothecary forbear going any farther: The Apothecary thinking that the Medicine was too Hot, stop'd immediately; after which *Scaramouche* having put his Spectacles on, made him untie the Bladder, to see how much remain'd in it, and finding he had taken but just half of it, gave him fifteen Pence, saying that he must sell the rest to some body else, since for his part he had enough of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Scaramouche's *Present to his Maid during his Sickness.*

SCaramouche having sent for his Maid, began to preach Fidelity to her: Thou knowest *Margaret*, said he to her, that we have nothing in this Life dearer than the Salvation of our Souls; therefore I advise thee to restore to me before I die whatever thou mayest have taken from me.

For my part, I am going to satisfie my Conscience in leaving thee some thing to recompence the time thou hast spent in my Service; and above all, to the end that thou mayest remember me.

Margaret protested that she had nothing to restore, having always been very Faithful to him, and return'd him Thanks for his good Will towards her; and believing he would give her some considerable thing, she kneel'd down before him, asking him his Blessing.

Scaramouche mov'd to Compassion at her humble Posture, look'd upon her with an Eye full of Pity; and said, heark

heak ye *Margaret*, I will add another Present to that which before I design'd to give thee, for besides a Receipt to make Barley-Drink, I give thee this Bill of some Money that was due, and now is paid to me.

But alas! thou art too faithful, and I must give thee something more; therefore go quickly to my Trunk, where thou wilt find a red Box, and bring it to me.

The Maid ran with all speed, to fetch the Box, which was in the Bottom of the Trunk, and brought it to *Scaramouche*, who open'd it, and drew out of it a Truss, which he gave her, saying, I certainly love thee well dear *Margaret*, or else I would not give thee this Truss, which is quite new; but I freely and heartily present it to thee, praying God that thou may'st use it since thou deserves't it; but above all things, I charge thee to let no body know my Liberality, it's enough for thee to have experienc'd it.

Margaret was so enrag'd at such Discourse, and so little Satisfaction with *Scaramouche*'s Presents, that she could not forbear calling him Names, which the good Man did not hear, or else he would not

have

have fail'd to have reproach'd her with her ungratitude.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Scaramouche's *Present to his Foot-Man.*

SCaramouche had a Foot-Man that waited upon him only to see his Postures, and to go into the Play-House without paying any thing for a Ticket. He hug'd and embrac'd him, and charging him to have always the fear of God before his Eyes, spoke to him in this Manner, Dear *Brindavoine* (for so he call'd him) I know that thou art a brave Lad, and that thou hast serv'd me almost these seven Years, without Wages; I will now recompence thee sufficiently that thou may'st pray heartily for my Soul in case I should quickly die; tho' if I may believe an Astrologer (who told me I should live one hundred and twenty years) I have still twenty three Years more to stay in this World; so that thou may'st grow old in my Service, without paying a Farthing for it, and thou may'st be assur'd that I shall never

never speak to thee about Wages, for I know such Discourses doe not please thee, but at least thou must give me now leave to present thee with something for the good Services thou hast done me.

Brindavoine answer'd him, that he never question'd his Master's good Will and Generosity; *Scaramouche* embraceing him again, said, here is a little Bag, in which are all the Parts I have acted, which I give thee, thou wilt find in them many Master-Pieces: All my Sorrow is, that I can't as well give thee the Postures and Grimaces with which I us'd to set them off, either, when I had a mind to make People laugh, or when I would fright them.

But as I can't leave thee a thing so Precious, I will make thy Fortune another way, by giving thee my *Scaramouche*'s Habit, which is yet quite new; for it has not serv'd me this five Years in the Play-House, and it is of a Cloath so very good, that after all my exereise in it upon the Stage, during twenty Years, is has not the least Rent in it.

Thou may'st hire it out, during the Carnaval, and provided thou say'st that

it

it was mine, every one will have it to act the Part of *Scaramouche*. If Brokers use to get so much by hiring Masquerade Cloaths, thou may'st judge of what Profit this will be to thee; besides it may serve thee for a Mourning-Sute, in Case I die now.

This dear *Brindavoine*, is the greatest Mark of Friendship that a Master can shew to a faithful Servant, and I dare say of a Father to his Child; for if I had a second Son I would leave him no other Inheritance.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Scaramouche's *Present to his Surgeon.*

A Young Surgeon, who had formerly dress'd *Scaramouche's* Head (which had been broke by a Fall down Stairs) came to visit him, some few Days before his Death, and seeing he could not live long, said to him, well, *Signior Tiberio*, you must at last think of dying, and of setting your Conscience in order.

That I have done already, reply'd he, for I took the Sacrament but two Days ago: however I don't think to die so soon,

soon; and one Sign that I shall yet live long is (added he, shewing his swell'd Legs) that I am growing Fat again.

He sat then in an Elbow-Chair, wherein he was forc'd to remain the last days of his Indisposition, for fear of being smother'd if he had been put in Bed.

After they had talk'd about several things, I remember, said *Scaramouche*, I have given you nothing but some Play-house Tickets for your curing my broken Head; it is very just to acknowledge so good a Service.

He say'd that in a very serious Way, and the Surgeon thought verily he was a going to give him a good Summ of Money: But *Scaramouche* taking out of his Pocket an old Pair of Spectacles, with some old Papers; here Sir, said he, take these Spectacles, which have serv'd me almost this sixty Years; they may be lawfully call'd Immortal, since they have fallen down above one hundred times without breaking.

As you may grow old, and have need of them to let Blood, I present you with them, as also with my Songs, which indeed have not the Notes to them, but you being an ingenious Man, will easily find out the Tunes. The

The Surgeon far from being Angry with him, could not forbear laughing at this Discourse, and said, as he was going, that *Scaramouche* was resolv'd to act the Part of a Player on his Death-Bed.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Scaramouche's *Present to his Physician.*

Scaramouche having sent for his Physician, Dear Friend, said he, I think 'tis time for me to go into another World, to see what they are doing there, since I have been so long in this.

You have always thought that I was very saving, because I never invited you to take a Dinner with me, tho' we have been acquainted these twenty Years: I can take my Oath that it has not been out of Covetousness, but only because I had heard say, that Physicians will not sooner forgive their Friends than their Enemies. However I will shew you a Mark of my Generosity before I die.

I had two excellent Guitars; I have given one of them to one of my late Wife's

Wife's Friends, who play'd so well on it before her, that he often made her swoond away for Pleasure.

And the other I have kept for you; it is made by old *Vauban*, and that's enough: Besides that, it alleviated my Sorrows and my Head-ach; it had also the Vertue of charming the Pain occasion'd by my Piles.

I advise you to make the same use of it, and to play Minuets, Gorants, and Shacoones to your Patients, instead of ordering them Pills, Clysters and letting of Blood: If that does not cure them, at least it will not kill them. Adieu dear Friend, go away; for I shall be very glad to go out of this World without your Orders.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Scaramouche's *Death.*

SCaramouche perceiving his Stomach to decrease, began to believe in good earnest that he could not live much longer; However he would eat still every morning a Soop made with two pounds of Bread, a large fat Pullet, and drink his pint of *Burgundy* Wine. In the Evening he us'd to take some Broth, and eat another Pullet, three Biskets, and drink a Pint of the same Wine.

He kept that sort of Diet during the space of three Months, in which he was troubled with a kind of a Loosenes, occasion'd by his eating too much of a Melon. The Day before he dy'd he order'd for his Dinner an *Italian* Soop, viz. a great Dish of *Vermicelli*, with *Parmasan* Cheese.

His

His Physician that was return'd to se him, having told him that such a thin would be prejudicial to his Health, an that if he would moderate himself, h might yet live above a Week.

Are you very sure of that reply *Scaramouche*? yes Sir, answer'd th Physician. Well, a Week more or le added he, is but a Trifle for a Man th has liv'd so long, and is not worth th while to lose a good Dish of *Vermic li*; for that let me have my Soop co ously made, and send for the Confe sor.

After he had for some time confer with the Father, to whom he had trust the Care of his Soul, he eat his *Verm celli* Soop, and drank yet more tha ordinary. In the Evening he doubl the Dose, and eat as heartily as ev before. But, alas! here is the fatal M ment, in which Death put an end to Life so very precious.

About two in the Morning, seein he could not sleep, he sent for thre young Fellows that work'd in Tape stry, and who lodg'd in the same Hous

an

and play'd with them at Cards: A little while after, he told them, go on Children, divert your selves, but don't disturb me in my Prayers. During a whole quarter of an Hour, he spoke aloud several Prayers, which he knew by heart; and when he came to those Words (of the Lord's Prayer) *in Earth as it is in Heaven*, he breath'd out a Sigh, which was the last of his Life.

Besides a considerable Legacy, which he gave to a Religious House, he left to his Son (who is a learned and deserving Priest) all the Estate he had in *France*, and in *Italy*; which was worth about one hundred thousand Crowns.

This was the end of the most illustrious Comedian that ever appear'd upon the *Italian* Stage; and one may say without any *Hyperbole*, that Nature, after she had fram'd him, broke her Mould, and could never make his Fellow. He was much lamented by every Body that knew him, and even by those of his Company, tho' he had during the last five Years, receiv'd his Share from the Play-House without acting at all.

An

An extraordinary Croud of People of all Sorts, accompany'd his Corpse to St. *Eustace's* Church, where he was buried in great Pomp, the eighth of *December*, 1694.

FINIS.

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As

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to

Resurrection; how he was crucified; of his being Reviled; of his pardoning the Thief upon the Cross; of his giving up the Ghost: All which is particularly applied and improved for the bringing of Sinners out of the way of Sin and Hell, into Wisdom's ways, whose ways are ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace: All Three by that Excellent Divine Mr. *John Hayward*.

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